Spare-Minutes,

Or

RESOLVED MEDITATIONS

And

REMEDITATED RESOLUTIONS.

Written by

ARTHUR WARWICK.

—— *Ego cur acquirere pauca*
Si possim invidetur.

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Resolved

MEDITATIONS

And Premeditated

RESOLUTIONS.

IT is the over curious ambition of many, to be best or be none; if they may not do so well as they would, they will not do so well as they may. I will do my best, and what I want in power, supply in will. Thus, whil'st I pay in part, I shall not be a debtor for all. He owes most that payes nothing.

CHAP. 1.

PRide is the greatest enemy to reason, and discretion the greatest opposite to pride. For whil'st wisdome makes *art* the *ape* of nature, pride makes nature the ape of art. The Wiseman shapes his apparell to his body, the proud

man ſhapes his body by his apparell. 'Tis no marvell then, if he know not himſelf, when he is not to day, like him he was yeſterday: and leſs marvell, if good men will not know him, when he forgets himſelf, and all goodneſs. I ſhould fear, whil'ſt I thus change my ſhape leſt my Maker ſhould change his opinion: and finding me not like him who made me, reject me, as none of his making. I would any day put off the old cauſe of my apparell, but not every day put on new faſhioned apparell. I ſee great reaſon, to be aſhamed of my pride but no reaſon, to be proud of my ſhame.

CHAP. II.

The reaſon that many men want their deſires, is, becauſe their deſires want reaſon. He may do what he will, that will do but what he may.

CHAP. III.

I Should marvell that the Covetous man can ſtill be poor, when the Rich man is ſtill covetous, but that I ſee, a poor man can be content, when the con-

contented man is onely rich : the one wanting in his ſtore, whileſt the other is ſtored in his wants. I ſee then, we are not rich or poor, by what we poſſeſs, but by what we deſire. For he is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough : nor he poor that hath but little, but he that wants more. If God then make me rich by ſtore, I will not impoverish my ſelf by covetouſneſs : but if he make me poor by want, I will enrich my ſelf by content.

CHAP. IV.

HYpocriſie deſires to ſeem good rather than to be ſo: honeſtie deſires to be good rather than ſeem ſo. The worldlings purchaſe reputation by the ſale of deſert, wiſe men buy deſert, with the hazard of reputation. I would do much to hear well, more to deſerve well, and rather looſe opinion than merit, I ſhall more joy me, that I know my ſelf what I am, than it ſhall grieve me to hear what others report me. I had rather deſerve well without praiſe, than do ill with commendation.

CHAP. v.

A Coward in the field is like the *Wiſemans* fool, his heart is at his mouth, and he doth not know what he does profeſs: but a Coward in his faith, is like a fool in his wiſdome; his mouth is in his heart, and he dares not profeſs what he does know. I had rather not know the good I ſhould do, than not do the good I know. It is better to be beaten with few ſtripes, than with many.

CHAP. vi.

EAch true Chriſtian is a right traveller: his life his walk, Chriſt his way, & Heaven his home. His walk painfull, his way perfect, his home pleaſing. I will not loyter, leſt I come ſhort of home: I will not wander, leſt I come wide of home, but be content to travell hard, and be ſure I walk right, ſo ſhall my ſafe way find its end at home, and my painfull walk make my home welcome.

CHAP. vii.

AS is a wound to the body; ſo is a ſinfull body to the ſoul: the body in-

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dangered till the wound be cured, the ſoul not ſound till the bodies ſin be healed, and the wound of neither can be cured without dreſſing, nor dreſſed without ſmarting. Now as the ſmart of the wound, is recompenſed by the cure of the body: ſo is the puniſhment of the body ſweetned by the health of the ſoul. Let my wound ſmart by dreſſing, rather than my body die; Let my body ſmart by correction, rather than my ſoul periſh.

CHAP. VIII.

IT is ſome hope of goodneſs not to grow worſe: it is a part of badneſs not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the ſpark, and ſtrive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodneſs I ſhould, it is not too much; why ſhould I make it leſs? If I keep the goodneſs I have 'tis not enough: Why do I not make it more? He ne're was ſo good as he ſhould be, that doth not ſtrive to be better than he is: He never will be better than he is, that doth not fear to be worſe than he was.

CHAP. IX.

HEalth may be enjoyed; ſickneſs muſt be endured: one body is the object

of both, one God the Authour of both. If then he give me health, I will thankfully enjoy it, and not think it too good, since it is his mercy that bestowes it: if he send sickness, I will patiently endure it, and not think it too great, since it is my sin that deserves it. If in health; I will strive to preserve it by praising of him: if in sickness; I will strive to remove it, by praying to him. He shall be my God in sickness and in health, and my trust shall be in him in health and in sickness. So in my health, I shall not need to fear sickness, nor in any sickness despair of health.

CHAP. x.

IT is the usuall plea of poverty to blame misfortune, when the ill finished cause of complaint is a work of their own forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or be content they are not worse. if they are not so good, as I would they should have been, they are not so bad, as I know they might have been. What though I am not so happy as I desire? 'Tis well I am not so wretched as I deserve.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

THere is nothing to be gotten by the worlds love, nothing to be loſt (but its love) by its hate. Why then ſhould I ſeek that love that can not profit me, or fear that malice that can not hurt me; If I ſhould love it, for loving me, God would hate me, for loving it. If I loath it for hating me, it can not hurt me for loathing it. Let it then hate me, and I will forgive it, but if it love me, I will never requite it. For ſince its love is hurtfull, and its hate harmleſs, I will contemn its hate, and hate its love.

CHAP. XII.

AS there is a folly in wit, ſo there is a wiſdom in ignorance. I would not be ignorant in a neceſſary knowledge, nor wiſe above wiſdome. If I know enough I am wiſe enough, if I ſeek more I am fooliſh.

CHAP. XIII.

IT's no marvell that man hath loſt his rule over the creature, when he would not be ruled by the will of the Creator.

Why ſhould they fear man, when man would not obey GOD? I could wish no creature had power to hurt me, I am glad ſo many creatures are ordained to help me. If GOD allow enough to ſerve me, I will not expect that all ſhould fear me.

CHAP. XIV.

NO affliction (for the time) ſeems joyous, all time in affliction ſeems tedious. I will compare my miſeries on earth with my joyes in Heaven, and the length of my miſeries, with its eternity, ſo ſhall my journey ſeem ſhort; and my burthen eaſie.

CHAP. XV.

THere is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, muſt come at one time or another. I ſhall not haſten my death by being ſtill ready, but ſweeten it. It makes me not die the ſooner, but the better.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

THe commendation of a bad thing, is its ſhortneſs; of a good thing, its continuance: it were happy for the damned, if their torments knew end, 'tis happier for the Saints that their joyes are eternall. If man, that is born of a woman, be full of miſery, 'tis well that he hath but a ſhort time to live: if his life be a walk of pain, its a bleſſing, that his days are but a ſpan long. Happy miſeries that end in joy: happy joyes that know no end: happy end that diſſolves to eternity.

CHAP. XVII.

HAd I not more confidence in the truth of my Saviour, than in the traditions of men, poverty might ſtagger my faith, and bring my thoughts into a perplexed Purgatory. Wherein are the poor bleſſed, if pardon ſhall be purchaſed onely by expenſe? Or how is it hard for a rich man to enter into Heaven, if money may buy out the paſt, preſent & future ſins of himſelf, his deceaſed and ſucceeding progeny? If heaven be thus ſold, what benefit has my poverty, by

the price already paid? I find no happineſs in Room on earth: 'Tis happineſs for me to have Room in Heaven.

CHAP. XVIII.

THere is no eſtate of life ſo happy in this world, as to yield a Chriſtian the perfection of content: & yet there is no ſtate of life ſo wretched in this world, but a Chriſtian muſt be content with it. Though I can have nothing here that may give me true content, yet I will learn to be truely contented here with what I have. What care I though I have as much as I deſire, if I have as much as I want. I have as much as the moſt, if I have as much as I deſire.

CHAP. XIX.

IT is the greateſt of all ſins alway to continue in ſin. For where the cuſtom of ſinning waxeth greater, the conſcience for ſin growes the leſs: it is eaſier to quench a ſpark, than a fire; I had rather break the Cockatrices egg, than kill the Serpent. O daughter of *Babylon*, happy ſhall he be that taketh thy children

dren whileſt they are young and dasheth them againſt the ſtones.

CHAP. xx.

NAture bids me love my ſelf and hate all that hurt me. Reaſon bids me love my friends and hate thoſe that envie me. Religion bids me love all and hate none. Nature sheweth care Reaſon wit, Religion love. Nature may induce me, Reaſon perſwade me, but Religion shall rule me. I will hearken to Nature in much, to Reaſon in more, to Religion in all. Nature shall make me carefull of my ſelf, but hatefull to none. Reaſon shall make me wiſe for my ſelf, but harmeleſs to all; Religion shall make me loving to all, but not careleſs of my ſelf. I may hear the former, I will hearken onely to the later. I ſubſcribe to ſome things in all, to all things in Religion.

CHAP. xxi.

ABundance is a trouble, want a miſery, honour a burthen, baſeneſs a ſcorne, advancements dangerous, disgrace odious. Onely a competent eſtate yields

the quiet of content. I will not climbe, leſt I fall, nor lye in the ground, leſt I am trod on. I am ſafeſt whileſt my leggs bear me. A competent heat is moſt healthfull for my body. I would deſire neither to freez nor to burn.

CHAP. XXII.

A Large promiſe without performance is like a falſe fire to a great Piece, which diſchargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will fore-think what I will promiſe, that I may promiſe but what I will do. Thus whileſt my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions, I ſhall be carefull in my promiſes, and juſt in their performance. I had rather do and not promiſe, than promiſe and not do.

CHAP. XXIII.

THe good meaner hath two tongues, the Hypocrite a double tongue. The good mans heart ſpeaks without his tongue, the Hypocrites tongue, without his heart. The good man hath oftentimes God in his heart, when in his mouth there is no God mentioned:

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the Hypocrite hath God often in his mouth, when the fool hath ſaid in his heart, *There is no God.* I may ſooneſt hear the tongue, but ſafeſt the heart, the tongue ſpeaketh lowdeſt, but the heart trueſt.

CHAP. XXIV.

THe ſpeech of the tongue is beſt known to men: God beſt underſtands the language of the heart: the heart without the tongue may pierce the eares of heaven, the tongue without the heart ſpeaks an unknown language. No marvell then if the deſires of the poor are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather ſpeak three words in ſpeech that God knows, than pray three houres in a language he underſtands not.

CHAP. XXV.

MEditation is the womb of our actions, action the midwife of our Meditations. A good & perfect conception, if it want ſtrength for the birth, periſheth in the womb of the mind, and, if it may be ſaid to be born, it muſt be ſaid to be ſtill-

ſtillborn : a bad and imperfect conception, if it hath the happineſs of a birth, yet the mind is but delivered of a burthen of imperfections, in the perfection of deformity, which may beg with the criple at the gate of the Temple, or perish through imperfections. If I meditate what is good to be don, and do not the good I have meditated, I loſe my labour, and make curſt my knowledg. If I do the thing that is good, and intend not that good that I do, it is a good action, but not well done. Others may enjoy ſome benefit, I deſerve no commendations. Reſolution without action is a ſloathfull folly. Action without reſolution is a foolish rashneſs. Firſt know what is good to be done, then do that good being known. If forecaſt be not better than labour, labour is not good without forecaſt. I would not have my actions done without knowledge, nor againſt it.

CHAP. XXVI.

IT is the folly of affection not to reprehend my erring friend, for fear of his anger: it is the abſtract of folly, to be angry

angry with my friend for my errors reprehenſion. I were not a friend, if I ſhould ſee my friend out of the way, and not adviſe him: I were unworthy to have a friend: if he ſhould adviſe me (being out of the way) and I be angry with him. Rather let me have my friends anger than deſerve it; rather let the righteous ſmite me friendly by reproof, than the pretious oyle of flattery, or connivence, breake my head. It is a folly to flie ill will, by giving a juſt cauſe of hatred. I think him truer friend that deſerves my love, than he that deſires it.

CHAP. XXVII.

WHen children meet with primroſes, nuts, or apples in their way, I ſee thoſe pleaſures are oft-times occaſions to make them loyter in their errands, ſo that they are ſure to have their parents diſpleaſure, & oft-times their late return findes a barr'd entrance to their home, whereas thoſe who meet with dangers in the way, make haſte in their journey, and their ſpeed makes them welcomed, with commendation. Nature hath ſent me abroad into the world, and I am every day

day travelling homeward; If I meet with ſtore of miſeries in my way, diſcretion ſhall teach me a religious haſte in my journey: And if I meet with pleaſures, they ſhall pleaſure me onely by putting me in minde of my pleaſures at home, which ſhall teach me to ſcorn theſe, as worſe than trifles. I will never more reckon a trouble ſome life a curſe, but a bleſſing. A pleaſant journey is dear bought with the loſs of home.

CHAP. XXVIII.

WHen I ſee the fiſher bait his hook: I think on Satans ſubtil malice, who ſugars over his poyſoned hookes with ſeeming-pleaſures. Thus *Eves* Apple was canded with divine knowledge, *ye ſhall be as God; knowing good and evill.* When I ſee the fiſh faſt hang'd, It think upon the covetous Worldling, who leaps at the profit without conſidering the danger. Thus *Achan* takes the gold and the garment, and ne're conſiders that his life muſt anſwer it. If Satan be ſuch a fiſher of men, its good to look before we leape. Honey may be eaten, ſo that we take heed of the ſting:

I will

I will honestly enjoy my delights, but not buy them with danger.

CHAP. XXIX.

I See, when I have but a short journey to travell, I am quickly at home, soon out of the pain of my travell, soon into the possession of my rest. If my life be but my walk, and Heaven my home, why should I desire a long journey? Indeed knowing my home so pleasant, I would not be weary with a long walk, but yet the shorter my journey, the sooner my rest.

CHAP. XXX.

I Cannot see two sawyers work at the pit, but they put me in mind of the Pharisee and the Publican: the one casts his eye upward, whilest his actions tend to the pit infernal: the other standing with a dejected Countenance, whilest his hands and heart move upward. 'Tis not a shame to make shew of our profession, so we truely profess what we make shew of: But of the two, I had rather be good, and not seem so, than seem good, and not be so. The Publican went home to his house rather justified than the Pharisee.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

WHen I think on the Eagels carrying up of the ſhelfiſh into the air, onely to the end he may break him by his fall, it puts me in mind of the devils coſtly courteſies, who out of the bounty of his ſubtilty, is ſtill ready to advance us to deſtruction. Thus more than once he dealt with my Redeemer, no ſooner had he rais'd him to the top of an high pincle, but ſtraight followes, *caſt thy ſelf down*; and having placed him on an high mountain, let him *fall down* and he ſhall be largely rewarded with his own. If advancement be ſo dangerous, I will take heed of being ambitious. Any eſtate ſhall give me content: I am high enough if I can ſtand upright.

CHAP. XXXII.

WHen I ſee leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of Autumne, juſt ſuch think I, is the friendſhip of the world. Whileſt the ſap of maintenance laſts, my friends ſwarm in abundance, but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need: but he is more

more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I Should wonder, that the unſatiable deſires of ambition can find no degree of content, but that I ſee they ſeek a perfection of honour on earth, when the fullneſs of glory is onely in Heaven. The honour on earth is full of degrees, but no degree admits a perfection: Whereas the glory of Heaven admits of degrees, but each degree affords a fullneſs. Here, one may be lower than another in honour, and yet the higheſt want a glory: There, though one Starr differs from another in glory, yet in the fullneſs of glory they all ſhine as Starres. Here the greateſt may want, there the leaſt hath enough: Here, all the earth may not be enough for one; There, one Heaven is enough for all. Lord let me rather be leaſt there, without honour here, than the greateſt here, without glory there. I had rather be a door-keeper in that houſe, than a ruler in theſe tents.

CHAP. XXXIV.

WHen I ſee the heavenly Sun buried under earth in the evening of the day

day, & in the morning to find a resurrection to his glory, Why (think I) may not the Sun of heaven buried in the earth, in evening of their daies, expect the morning of their glorious Resurrection? Each night is but the past dayes funerall, and the morning his resurrection: Why then should our funerall sleep be other than our sleep at night? Why should we not as well awake to our Resurrection, as in the morning? I see night is rather an intermission of day, than a deprivation, and death rather borrows our life of us than robbs us of it. Since then the glory of the Sun findes a Resurrection, why should not the Sun of glory? Since a dead man may live again, I will not so much look for an end of my life; as wait for the coming of my change.

CHAP. xxxv.

I See, that candle yields me small benefit at day, which at night much steeds me: and I know, the cause is not because the candles light was less at day, but because the daies light is less in the evening. As my friends love to me, so mine to my friend may be at all times alike; but we best see it, when we most need it: and

that,

that, not becauſe our love is then greater, but our want. Though then I welcome a courteſie according to my want, yet I will value a courteſie according to its worth: That my fortunes need not my friends courteſie, is my happineſs: should my happineſs ſlight my friends courteſie, 'twere my folly.

CHAP. XXXVI.

I See that candle makes ſmall ſhew in the day which at night yields a glorious luſter, not becauſe the candle has then more light, but becauſe the air hath then more darkneſs. How prejudiciall then is that ambition, which makes me ſeem leſs than I am, by preſuming to make me greater than I ſhould be. They whoſe glory ſhines as the ſparks amongſt ſtubble, looſe their light, if compared to the Sun of glory. I will not ſeat my ſelf higher than my place, leſt I ſhould be disgraced to an humility, but if I place my ſelf lower than my ſeat, I may be advanced to the honour of, *Friend ſit up higher*. I had rather be exalted by my humility, than be brought low by my exaltion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

I See that candle which is as a Sun in the darkneſs, is but a darkneſs in the Sun: the candle not more lightning the nights darkneſs, than the Sun darkning the candles light. I will take heed then of contention, eſpecially with great ones. As I may be to ſtrong for the weaker; ſo I muſt be to weak for the ſtronger. I cannot ſo eaſily vanquiſh mine inferiors, but my ſuperiors may as eaſily conquer me: I will do much to be at peace with all men, but ſuffer much ere I contend with a mighty man.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

I See when I follow my ſhadow it flies me, when I flie my ſhadow it follows me: I know pleaſures are but ſhadows, which hold no longer than the ſunſhine of my fortunes. Leſt then my pleaſures ſhould forſake me, I will forſake them. Pleaſure moſt flies me when I moſt follow it.

CHAP. XXXIX.

IT is not good to ſpeak evill of all whom we know bad: it is worſe to judge

judge evill of any, who may proove good. To speak ill upon knowledg, shewes a want of charity: to speak ill upon suspicion shewes a want of honesty. I will not speak so bad as I know of many: I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evill by others, and not speak it, is sometimes discretion: to speak evill by others, and not know it, is alway dishonesty. He may be evill himself, who speaks good of others upon knowledg, but he can never be good himself, who speaks evill of others upon suspicion.

CHAP. XL.

A Bad great one is a great bad one. For the greatness of an evill man, makes the mans evill the greater. It is the unhappy priviledg of authority, not so much to act, as teach wickedness, and by a liberall cruelty, to make the offenders sin not more his own than others. Each fault in a leader is not so much a crime, as a rule for error: And their vices are made, (if not warrants, yet) presidents for evill. To sin by prescription, is as usuall as damnable: and men run post in their journey, when they go to the devil with

with authority. When then the vices of the rulers of others, are made the rules for vices to others, the offences of all great ones muſt needs be the greateſt of all offences. Either then let me be great in goodneſs, or elſe it were good for me to be without greatneſs. My own ſins are burthen too heavie for me, why then ſhould I lade my ſelf with others offences.

CHAP. XLI.

TO ſpeak all that is true, is the property of fools, to ſpeak more than is true, is the folly of too many. He that ſpends all that is his own, is an unthrifty prodigall: He that ſpends more than his own, is a dis-honeſt unthrift: I may ſometimes know what I will not utter, I muſt never utter what I do not know. I ſhould be loath to have my tongue ſo large as my heart, I would ſcorn to have my heart leſs than my tongue. For if to ſpeak all that I know, ſhews too much folly, to ſpeak more than I know ſhews too little honeſty.

CHAP. XLII.

IT is the ambitious folly of too many, to imitate rather greatneſs than goodneſs.

neſs. They will ſooner follow the example of their Lord, than the precepts of their God. I will alway honour greatneſs, I will onely imitate goodneſs: & rather do good without a pattern, than commit evill in imitation, 'Tis better to be ſaved without a preſident, than to be damned by example.

CHAP. XLIII.

THere is no ſecurity in evill ſociety, where the good are often made worſe, the bad ſeldom better. For it is the peeviſh induſtry of wickedneſs, to find or make a fellow. 'Tis like, they will be birds of a feather, that uſe to flock together. For ſuch commonly doth their converſation make us, as they are with whom we uſe to converſe. I cannot be certain, not to meet with evil company, but I will be carefull, not to keep with evil company. I would willingly ſort my ſelf with ſuch, as ſhould either teach, or learn goodneſs: and if my companion cannot make me better, nor I him good, I will rather leave him ill, than he ſhall make me worſe.

CAP. XLIV.

TO teach goodneſs is the greateſt praiſe, to learn goodneſs, the greateſt profit. Though he be wiſeſt that can teach, yet he that doth learn is wiſer. I will not therefore be unwilling to teach, nor aſhamed to learn. I cannot be ſo ignorant, but I may teach ſomewhat, nor ſo wiſe but I may learn more. I will therefore teach what I know, and learn what I know not. Though it be a greater praiſe to teach, than to learn, yet it is a leſſer ſhame to learn than to be ignorant.

CHAP. XLV.

AS there is a miſery in want, ſo there is a danger in exceſs. I would therefore deſire neither more nor leſs, than enough. I may as well die of a ſurfeit as of hunger.

CHAP. XLVI.

IT is the apiſh nature of many, to follow rather example than precepts: but it would be the ſafeſt courſe of all, to learn rather by precept than example. For there is many a good Divine that cannot learn his own teaching. It is eaſier to ſay, this do, than to do it. When there-

therefore I ſee good doctrine with an evill life I may pitty the one, but I will practiſe onely the other. The good ſayings belong to all, the evill actions only to their authors.

CHAP. XLVII.

THere are two things neceſſary for a traveller, to bring him to the end of his journey; a knowledg of his way, a perſeverance in his walk. If he walk in a wrong way, the faſter he goes the farther he is from home: if he ſit ſtill in a right way, he may know his home, but ne're come to it: Diſcreet ſtayes make ſpeedy journeyes. I will firſt then know my way, ere I begin my walk; the knowledg of my way is a good part of my journey. He that faints in the execution looſeth the glory of the action. I will therefore not only know my way, but alſo go on in my way: I had rather my journey ſhould want a beginning, than come to an untimely end. If Heaven be my home and Chriſt my way, I will learn to know my way, ere I haſte to travell to my home. He that runs haſtily in a way he knowes not, may come ſpeedily to an home

he loves not. If Christ be my way, and Heaven my home, I will rather endure my painfull walk, than want my perfect rest. I more esteem my home than my journey; my actions shall be led by knowledge, my knowledge be followed by my actions. Ignorance is a bad mother to devotion, and idlenesse a bad steward to knowledge.

CHAP. XLVIII.

I Cannot but wonder at the folly of those hearts, who are like to kill themselves with the fear of dying, making the news of an insuing mischief, a worse mischief than that they have news of: whereas the foreknowledg of an approching evill, is a benefit of small good. For if it cannot teach us to prevent it by providence, it may shew us how to sustain it by patience. I may grieve with the smart of an evill, as soon as I feel it: But I will not smart with the grief of an evill as soon as I hear of it. My evill when it cometh may make my grief too great, why then should my grief before it comes make my evill greater?

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

AS I see in the body, so I know in the soul, they are oft most desperatly sick, who are least sensible of their disease: whereas he that feares each light wound for mortall, seeks a timely cure, and is healed. I will not reckon it my happiness, that I have many sores, but since I have them, I am glad they grieve me. I know the cure is not the more dangerous, because my wounds are more grievous; I should be more sick if I plained less.

CHAP. L.

IT is one not of the least evils, not to avoid the appearance of evill, which oft makes the innocent justly punished with undeserved suspicion. I would desire to be thought good, but yet I had rather be so. It is no small happiness to be free from suspicion, but a greater to be void of offence. I would willingly be neither evill nor suspected: but of the two I had rather be suspected and not deserve it, than deserve evill and not be suspect.

CHAP. LI.

I Know but one way to Heaven, I have but one Mediator in Heaven, even

one Christ: and yet I hear of more wayes, more Mediators. Are there then more Christs; *Are the Lords wayes as your wayes* that we must go to the King of Heaven as unto a King on earth? Or if we must, yet if my King bid me come shall I send an other? If he bid me come unto him, shall I go unto another? If he bid me ask for peace onely in the name of the Prince of peace, why should I mention the Lady Mary; If I shall be heard onely in the name of his Son, why should I use the name of his servants? Were it a want of manners, or a want of obedience to come when I am bid? Is another better, or am I too good to go in mine own errants to the Almighty? Becauſe the Son was worſe uſed than the ſervants on earth, ſhall the ſervants therefore be ſooner heard than the Son in Heaven? There are ſtill unjuſt Husband-men in the Lords vineyard, who not onely abuſe the ſervants, but kill again the Son, and rob him of his due inheritance. When the Lord therefore of the Vineyard cometh, what will he do to theſe Husbandmen? I do not

envie

envie your glory ye Saints of God, yet I will not attribute the glory of my God to his Saints. How shall my God glorifie me, if I should give his glory to another?

CHAP. LII.

TO be without passion is worse than a beast, to be without reason, is to be less than a man. Since I can be without neither, I am blessed, in that I have both. For, if it be not against reason to be passionate, I will not be passionate against reason. I will both grieve and joy, if I have reason for it, but not joy nor grieve above reason. I will so joy at my good as not to take evill by my joy: so grieve at any evill as not to increase my evill by my grief. For it is not a folly to have passion, but to want reason, I would be neither senseless, nor beastly.

CHAP. LIII.

IT is the folly of wit in some to take paines to trim their labours in obscurity. It is the ignorance of learning in others, to labour to devest their pain by bluntness? the one thinking he never speaks wisely, till he goes beyond

his own, and all mens unſterſtandings: the other thinking he never ſpeaks plainly, till he dive beneath the ſhalloweſt apprehenſion. I as little affect curioſity in the one, as I care for the affectation of baldneſs in the other. I would not have the pearl of Heavens Kingdome ſo curiouſly ſet in gold, as that the art of the workeman ſhould hide the beauty of the jewell: nor yet ſo ſlightly valued, as to be ſet in lead: or ſo beaſtly uſed as to be ſlubbered with dirt. I know the pearl (how ever placed) ſtill retaines its vertue, yet I had rather have it ſet in gold, than ſeek it in dung-hill. Neat apparell is an ornament to the body, but a disgrace, if either proud or ſlovenly.

CHAP. LIV.

I See corruption ſo largely rewarded, that I doubt not, but I ſhould thrive in the world, could I get but a diſpenſation of my conſcience for the liberty of trading. A little flattery would get me a great deal of favor, and I could buy a world of this worlds love, with the ſale of this little trifle *Honeſty*. Were this world my home, I might perhaps be trading: but alas, theſe merchandize yield leſs than no-

nothing in heaven. I would willingly be at quiet with the world, but rather at peace with my conſcience. The love of men is good, whileſt it laſteth, the love of God is better being everlaſting. Let me then trade for thoſe heavenly merchandize. If I find theſe other in my way, they are a great deal more than I look for, and (a little) more than I care for.

CHAP. LV.

AS faith is the evidence of things not ſeen: ſo things that are ſeen are the perfection of faith. I believe a tree will be green, when I ſee him leaveleſs in winter: I know he is green when I ſee him flouriſhing in ſummer. It was a fault in *Thomas* not to believe till he did ſee. It were a madneſs in him not to believe when he did ſee. Belief may ſometime exceed reaſon, not oppoſe it, and faith be often above ſenſe not againſt it. Thus whileſt faith doth aſſure me that I eat Chriſt effectually, ſenſe muſt aſſure me that I taſt bread really. For though I oftentimes ſee not thoſe things that I believe, yet I muſt ſtill believe thoſe things that I ſee.

CHAP. LVI.

THere is none so innocent as not to be evill spoken of, none so wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemn the just and not a few who justifie the wicked. I oft hear both envy & flattery speaking false-hoods of my self to my self, and may not the like tongues perform the like taskes of others to others? I will know others by what they do themselves, but not learn my self by what I hear of others. I will be carefull of mine own actions, not credulous of others relations.

CHAP. LVII.

THe Cross is but a signe of Christ Crucified, Christ Crucified the substance of this Cross. The sign without the substance is as nothing, the substance without the sign is all things. I hate not the sign, though I adore but the substance. I will not blaspheme the Cross of Christ, I will not but worship Christ Crucified. I will take up my *Cross*, I will love my *Cross*, I will bear my *Cross*, I will imbrace my *Cross*, yet not adore my *Cross*. All knees shall bend in reve-

reverence to his name, mine never bow in Idolatry to his image.

CHAP. LVIII.

IT is the nature of man to be proud, when man by nature hath nothing to be proud of. He more adorneth the Creature, than he adoreth the *Creator*: & makes, not onely his belly his god, but his body. I am ashamed of their glory, whose *glory is their shame*. If nature will needs have me to be proud of something, I will be proud only of this; that I am proud of nothing.

CHAP. LIX.

AS the Giver of all things, so each receiver loveth a cheerfull giver. For a bargain is valued by the worth of the thing bought, but a gift by the mind of the party giving: which made the widows mite of more worth, than the riches of *superfluitie*. I see then, he gives not best that gives most, but he gives most, that gives best. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely, and what I want in my hand, supply by my heart. He gives well, that gives willingly.

CHAP. LX.

I See at a Feaſt, that others feed heartily on that diſh which perhaps would not ſuit with my appetite, whileſt I make as good a meal on thoſe cakes, that perhaps their palates could not reliſh. I will not therefore think I do well becauſe my actions pleaſe not others, nor be confident that my actions are good, becauſe my doings pleaſe my ſelf: but be more carefull to provide what is good at a feaſt, than what is delightfull: and more ſtudy to expreſs what is honeſt in my actions, than what is pleaſing. So, if ſick ſtomacks cannot reliſh my ſound meats, the fault ſhall light on their ill appetites: and if unſeaſoned judgements like not my honeſt intentions, the fault ſhall fall on their ill reliſhed apprehenſions. It would pleaſe me well to have praiſe when I deſerve it; but joy me more to deſerve praiſe when I have it.

FINIS.

Reſolved

MEDITATIONS

And Premeditated

RESOLUTIONS.

The Second part.

CHAP. 1.

WHen one aſcends from the ground to an higher room, I obſerve with what contempt he inſults and tramples on the ſtaires by which he riſeth, and how he firſt and moſt dirteth that ſtep by which he firſt ſtepped from the dirt. Which putteth me in mind of the practice of the aſpiring ambitious, who, to get up to their wiſhed height of honor, bedirt with ſcorn, and neglect theſe by whoſe ſhoulders they were firſt mounted, and exalted. I hate that ambition which inforceth ingratitude; which, being the baſeſt of vices, can not but ſoyle and diſgrace a

man graced with ſuch honours. I am not preferr'd with honour, if debaſed with ingratitude.

CHAP. II.

HE that will not be perſwaded to leap down from an high chamber at once, cometh willingly down by the ſtayres: and yet the declining degrees of his winding deſcent make it not leſs downward to him, but leſs perceived of him. His leap might have brought him down ſooner, it could not have brought him down lower. As I am then fearfull to act great ſins, ſo I will be carefull to avoid ſmall ſins. He that contemns a ſmall fault commits a great one. I ſee many drops make a ſhower: and what difference is it, whether I be wet either in the rain, or in the river, if both be to the skin; There is ſmall benefit in the choyce, whether we go down to Hell by degrees or at once.

CHAP. III.

THE gentle and harmeleſs ſheep being conſcious of their own innocency, how patiently, how quietly, do

do they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the shamble? How silently and undaunted do they meet death, and give it entrance with small resistance? When the filthie loathsome and harmefull swine roar horribly at the first handling, and with and hideous crying, reluctancy, are haled, and held to the slaughter. This seems some cause to me, why wicked men (conscious of their filthy lives, and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and with horrour roar at the approach of death: when the godly quietly uncloath themselves of their lives, and make small difference twixt a naturall nights short sleep, and the long sleep of nature. I will pray not to come to an untimely violent death. I will not violently resist death at the time when it cometh. I will expect and wait my change with patience, imbrace it with cheerefullness, and never fear it as a totall privation.

CHAP. IV.

IT is no small fault to be bad, and seem so: it is a greater fault to seem good, & not be so. The cloak of dissimulation is a main

a main part of the garment ſpotted with the fleſh. A vice thus covered is worſe than a naked offence. There is no devill to the Hypocrite.

CHAP. v.

WHen I ſee the Larkers day-net ſpread out in a fair morning, and himſelf whirling his artificiall motion, and obſerve how by the reflecting luſtre of the Sun on the wheeling inſtrument, not onely the merry larke, and fearfull Pigeon are dazled, and drawn with admiration; but ſtouter birds of prey, the ſwift Merlin, and towring Hobbie are inticed to ſtoop, and gazing on the outward form, love themſelves. Me thinks I ſee the divers nightnets of inticing harlots fully parallel'd, ſpread out for us in the vigour of our youth; which with rooling eyes draw on the luſtfullneſs of affection, and betray the wantonneſs of the heart, and with their alluring glances often make to ſtoop within danger of their fatall nets, not onely the ſimple and careleſs, but others alſo, men otherwiſe wary and wiſe: who coming within the pull of the net lie at the mercy of that

that mercileſs fowler, to their certain deſtruction. Hence I reſolve when I ſee ſuch glaſſes, to ſhun ſuch motions, as aſſured that thoſe glaſſes have nets adjoyning; thoſe nets a fowler attending; that fowler a death prepared for me, than which I cannot die a worſe. I may by chance, I muſt by neceſſity, at ſometime come within their view: I will at no time come within their danger. I cannot well live in this world, and not ſee them at all, I cannot live well in this world, nor at all in the better world, if I be caught in their fatall nets.

CHAP. VI.

THere be that make it their glory to feed high, and *fare deliciouſly every day*, and to maintain their bodies elementary, ſearch the elements, the earth, ſea, and air, to maintain the fire their appetites. They that thus make *their glory their gods*, do *make their glory their ſhame*. I diſtaſte a ſordid diet as unwholſome. I care not to taſte and feed on variety of delicates as unhealthfull. Nature contented with a few things, is cloyed, and quelled with overmany: and *digeſtion* her

her cook imployed in the concoction of ſo much variety at once, leaves the ſtomack too foul a kitchin for health to abide in. Since then ſo to feed may the ſooner end my life, and the end of my life is not ſo to feed, I will be taught by *Grace* not to live to eat, but eat to live; and maintain health by a competent diet, not ſurfeit with exceſs.

CHAP. VII.

HE that too much admires the glory of a Princes Court, and drawn up thither (by his ambition) thinks high places to be the higheſt happineſs; let him view the foggie miſts, the moiſt vapours, and light exhalations drawn up from the earth by the attractive power of the glorious Sun-beames: which when they are at higheſt, either ſpend themſelves there in portending meteors, to others terrour and their own conſumption; and either by reſolution are turned into rain, or congelation unto hail or ſnow, which ſink lower into the earth at their fall, than they were at their aſcending. For my part, I may admire ſuch a glowing coal. I will not with the Satyr

kiſs

kiſs it. As I think it not the leaſt and laſt praiſe to pleaſe Princes; ſo I know, it is not the leaſt danger of times to live with them, *procul à Jove, procul à fulmine.* He preſumes too much of his own brightneſs that thinks to ſhine clear near the Sun; where, if his light be his own, it muſt be obſcured by compariſon; if borrowed from the Sun, then it is not his, but an others glory. A candle in the nights obſcurity ſhews brighter than a torch at noone-day. And *Cæſar* thought it a greater glory to be the firſt man in ſome obſcure town, than the ſecond man in Rome the head City of the world.

CHAP. VIII.

IT is a common cuſtom (but a lewd one) of them that are common lewd ones, by cuſtom, to wound the fame; and taint the reputation of their neighbours with ſlanders; and having no leſs impotency in their tongues, than impurity in their hearts, form both opinions and cenſures according to the mould of evill in themſelves: And this they do, either with the Lapwing to divert, by their

their falſe cries, the travelling ſtranger from finding the neſt of their filthineſs, or with the curtald Fox in the Fable, to have all foxes cut-tayld: or, with the fiſh Sepia, to darken with the pitchie ink of aſperſions, all the water of the neighbourhood, that ſo themſelves may ſcape the net of Cenſure, juſtly caſt to catch them. Orelſe, to have themſelves thought as good as any other, they will not have any thought good, that dwells neer them. I will therefore ſuſpect him as ſcarce honeſt, who would (with a ſlander) make me ſuſpect an other as diſhoneſt. I will not preſently diſreſpect him as diſhoneſt, whom a lewd perſon diſhoneſteth with ſuſpicion. The devill is not more black-mouth'd than a ſlanderer: nor a ſlanderer leſs malcious than the devill.

CHAP. IX.

WHen I ſee the Sun riſing from the Eaſt in glory, like a gyant ready for the courſe, within an houres ſpace obſcured with miſts, darkned with clowds, and ſometimes eclipſed with the Moones inferiour body: and however, with-

without theſe, after noon declining, deſcending: ſetting, & buried under our hõrizon; Iſeem to ſee an earthly King mounting his throne in glory, yet ſoon clouded with cares, and fear of dangers: ſometimes darkned in honour by the malicious envy of his ſubjects: ſometimes eclipſed in his dominions by the interpoſition of forreign powers; and however, without theſe, in a ſhort time deſcending and ſetting at the evening of his life, and ſeldom paſſing the whole day thereof in perfect continuall glory. Then think I, O the odds of comfort in that heavenly and theſe earthly kingdoms; O the comfort of this odds: There each Saint is a glorious King, each King hath his incorruptible Crown; each Crown a boundleſs, fearleſs, endleſs kingdom. Let me ſtrive for the glory of ſuch a kingdom onely, which is a kingdom of ſuch glory.

Felices animæ quibus hæc cognoſcere ſola,
Inque domos ſuperûm ſcandere cura fuit.

The

CHAP. x.

THe Laws in themſelves are the ſcales of juſtice, the wronged poor mans ſhelter, the pillars of the Common-wealth: but the abuſed practice makes thoſe ſcales unequall, that poor-mans ſhelter a mans poor ſhelter for his wrongs. The proof of this, appeares with the Juries at the Aſſiſes in their proofs: when one may often diſcern *perjury* uſher in the evidence to the jury, and injury follow with the verdict. I admire with reverence the juſtice and wiſdom of the Laws: I deplore with compaſſion the abuſed practice of the Laws, and reſolve, rather to bear with patience the hayleſhower of injuries, than to ſeek ſhelter at ſuch a thicket, where the brambles ſhall pluck of my fleece, and do me more hurt by ſcratching, than the ſtorm would have done by hayling. I care not for that phyſick, were the remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

HOw cunningly doth the Prince of darkneſs take on him the form of an Angell of light? How often have ſeeming ſaints prooved devils? even in thoſe things (lightly) moſt faulty, which they make a ſhew of being moſt free from: Some more proud of being thought plain, than a flaunting gallant in his new faſhion. Others refuſing a deſerved commendation, only with a deſire to be commended for refuſing it: The one hating pride with a more proud hatred, the other ſhunning praiſe with a greater vain-glory. It is bad to have vices, worſe to diſſemble them. *Plato* poſſeſied his rich bed with leſs pride than *Diogenes* trampled on it.

CHAP. XII.

I Meet ſometimes with men whoſe crazed braines ſeem ſoldered with quickſilver; the ſtrains of whoſe Actions run only in odd crotchets; whoſe judgments being hood winkt with their own opinion, and paſſion, admit of nought

nought for reason, but what their unreasonable selfwill dictates to them. And then what they will do, they will do; and do it they will with that torrent of violence, that overturnes all obstacles of counsel which cross their courses. From these I will learn not to make *Will* my coach-man, unless *Reason* run before to shew the way. And if my action must pass by the waters of uncertain danger, of all vessels I will not use the *Whirry*. As sloath seldome bringeth actions to good birth: so hasty rashness alwayes makes them abortive, ere well formed.

CHAP. XIII.

AS in virtues, he that hath one, hath all: so in vices he that hath one hath seldome one alone. He that will stea, must lye; and he that will steal, and lye, will swear his ly; and so easily skrue himself up to perjury. He that will be drunk, what will he not be, when he is drunk? and being slipt down from the top of reasonable sense, where stoppeth he from tumbling down into a beastly sensuality; I will therefore *give the water*

no

no passage, no not a little, lest it make a breach, & that breach let in an inundation to drown the sweet pastures of my soul. I see the devils claw is an entering wedg, to let in his foot; that foot, his whole body. I will be carefull to set a *Watch & keep the door*, that sin may have no admittance. I cannot be too carefull, so it be to the purpose, it cannot be to the purpose, if it be too little.

CHAP. XIV.

THat the *voice of the common people is the voice of God*, is the common voice of the people; yet it is as full of falshood, as commonness. For who sees not that those black mouth'd hownds, upon the meer sent of opinion, as freely spend their mouthes in hunting Counter, or like *Actæons* dogs in chasing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chase of truth it self, in a fresh sent. Who observes not that the voice of the people, yea of that people that voiced themselves the people of God, did prosecute the God of all people, with one common voice, *He is worthy to die.*

I will not therefore ambitiously begg their voices for my preferment; not *weigh* my *worth* in that *uneven ballance* in which a feather of opinion shall be moment enough to turn the scales, and make a light piece go current, and a current piece seem light.

CHAP. xv.

THere are a sort of men which are kind men to me, when they expect some kindness from me: who have their hands down to the ground in their salutations, when the ground of their salutations is to have a hand at me in some commodity. But their own end once served, their kindness hath its end at once: And then it seems strange to me, how strange they will seem to grow to me? as if the cause (their desire) being removed, the effect (their courtesie) must straight cease. I will not acknowledg such my friend but their own; and when ever I see such insinuating palpation, I will bethink me what the authors would have of me. And with a thrifty discretion, rather deny such their requests,

queſts, than in a prodigall kindneſs become their friend, more than mine own.

CHAP. XVI.

I See a number of gallants every where, whoſe incomes come in yearly by ſet numbers, but run out daily, ſans number. I could pitty the caſes of ſuch brave men, but that I ſee them ſtill in brave caſes. And when I ſee them often foxed, me think the Proverbe ſutes, thoſe ſutes, *What is the fox but his caſe?* I ſhould think them to be *Eutrapelus* his enemies whom he cloathed richly to make them ſpend freely, and grow debauched. I will do thoſe men right, and wonder at them, becauſe they deſire it. I will not wrong my ſelf to envie at them, becauſe they deſerve it not, nor to pitty them, becauſe they ſcorn it. I know that gorgeous apparell is an ornament to grace the Court, for the glory of the Kingdom, but it is no ornament uſefull in the Kingdom of *Grace*, nor needfull in the Kingdom of Glory. A rich coat may be commendable in the *Accidents*

of armory onely, but it is not the onely ſubſtance of a commendable Gentleman. I will value the apparell, by the worthineſs of the wearer; I will not value the worthineſs of the wearer, by the worth of his apparell. *Adam* was moſt gallantly apparelled, when he was innocently naked.

CHAP. XVII.

THE men of moſt credit in our time, are the Uſurers. For they credit moſt men: And though their greateſt ſtudy be *ſecurity*, yet is uſually their fortune to be fulleſt of *care*. Time is pretious to them: For they think a day broke to them, is worth a broke-age from their Creditor. Yet this they find by uſe, that as they have much profit by putting out, ſo muſt they have much care to get it in. For debtors are of *Themiſtocles* his mind, and take not ſo much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all their creditors, and make this their firſt reſolution, how they may make no reſolution at all. I envy not therefore the Uſurers gains, but conſi-

dering

dering they (as Merchant-adventurers) ſend abroad their eſtates in uncertain veſſels, ſometime into the bankrupt rivers of prodigality, and unthriftineſs, ſometimes into the ſea of caſualities, and misfortunes, that many times their principall comes ſhort home, I think, with my ſelf. Let them gain much by the adventure, that adventure ſo much to gain. I will make this uſe of thoſe uſes, as to claim no intereſt in their gains, *nor to owe any thing to any man but love*. If I lend where need is, and receive my *principall* again, I will accompt that my principall gain, and think my courteſie but a commanded charity.

CHAP. XVIII.

INgratitude is the character of an ill nature in our ſelves, a canker of friendſhip with others, and the very poyſon that kills charity in the embrio, being but newly conceived in the pregnant minds of good men, and cauſing an abortion of liberality, ere it comes to its intented birth. For who will ſow thoſe barren ſands, where he knows he muſt

not only not expect a good harveſt, but be ſure to loſe his ſeed and labour; Yet in theſe times what is more common or more practiſed than this ingratitude? For in receiving benefits, who will not (with *Euclio* in *Plautus*) find a third hand to reach out to take them? But in requiting, who is not more maymed than the ſtatua's of *Mercury*, which *Alcibiades* ſo mangled that he ſcarce left them a finger to point out the way to travellers? It is ten to one, but we all deſire to be cured of the leproſies of our want: yet ſcarce one of ten of us returnes to give thankes for the cure. I will not think my ſelf ſo inriched by receiving a courteſie, as ingaged to be thankful for it. I am not left a free man at my liberty, by taking a mans liberality: but I ſell my freedom for his benefits. I cannot deſerve to be gracious with my friend, if, with the *Graces*, I look not with two faces back to requite, as well as with one forward to receive.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

I Will not much commend others to themſelves, I will not at all commend my ſelf to others. So to praiſe any to their faces, is a kind of flattery; but to praiſe my ſelf to any is the height of folly. He that boaſts his own praiſes, ſpeaks ill of himſelf and much derogates from his true deſerts. It is worthy of blame to affect commendation.

CHAP. XX.

MErrily and wittily ſaid *Plautus*, that was one of the merry *Wits* of his time, I would (ſaid he) by my will have tale-bearers and tale-hearers puniſhed; the one hanging by the longue, the others by the ears. Were his will a law in force with us, many a tatling goſſip would have her *vowels* turned to *mutes*, and be juſtly tongue-tied that deſires to be tyed by the teeth at your table: wherewith *Thominus* his tooth, ſhe gnaweth on the good name of her neighbour: And many hungry *Parrat*, whoſe

belly is his *arts*-maſter, would ceaſe to ſecond his *ave* to his Lord with depraving tales called *newes*, and make his *grace* after dinner the diſgrace of ſome innocent: And moſt men would give them courſe entertainment, that come to entertain their ears with diſcourſe of defamative reports. I will be ſilent and barren of diſcourſe when I chance to hear a tale, rather than go with child therewith, till anothers ears be my midwife, to deliver me of ſuch a deformed monſter. I may hear a tale of delight, and perhaps ſmile at an innocent jeſt. I will not jeſt, nor joy at a tale diſgracing an innocent perſon.

CHAP. XXI.

WHen I ſee a gallant ſhip well ridged, trimmed, tackled, mann'd and munition'd with her top and topgallant, and her ſpred-ſayles proudly ſwelling with a full gale, in fair weather putting out of the haven into the ſmooth main and drawing the ſpectators eyes, with a well-wiſhing admiration, and ſhortly hear of the ſame ſhip ſplitted againſt ſome dangerous rock,

rock, or wracked by ſome diſaſterous tempeſt, or ſunk by ſome leake ſprung in her by ſome accident, me ſeemeth, I ſee the caſe of ſome Court-favourite, who to day like *Sejanus* dazeleth all mens eyes with the ſplendour of his glory, and with the proud and potent beak of his powerfull proſperity cutteth the waves and ploweth through the preſs of the vulgar, and ſcorneth to fear ſome *remora* at his keel below, or any croſs-winds from above, and yet to morrow on ſome ſtormes of unexpected diſfavour, ſprings a leak in his honour, and ſinks on the *Syrtes* of disgrace, or daſhed againſt the rocks of diſpleaſure is ſplitted and wrack'd in the *Caribdis* of infamy, and ſo concludes his voyage in miſery and misfortune. I will not therefore adventure with the greedy ſhepheard to change my ſheep into a ſhip of *adventure*, on the ſight of a calm ſea.

Ut pelago ſuadente etiam retinacula ſolvas,
Multa tamen lætus triſtia pontus habet.

I will ſtudy to deſerve my Princes favour, I will not deſire to be a Princes

favourite. If I fall whence I am, I can raiſe my ſelf, but to be caſt down thence were to be cruſhed with a deſperate down fall. I prefer a mediocrity, though obſcure, yet ſafe, before a greater eminency with a far greater danger.

CHAP. XXII.

WHen a ſtorm drives me to ſhelter me under a tree, I find that if the ſtorm be little, the tree defends me, but if the ſtorm be great, the tree not onely not defends me, but powreth on me that wet which it ſelf had received, and ſo maketh me much wetter. Hence inſtructed, I reſolve that if improvidently I fall into ſome ſmall danger of the laws, I will preſume to ſeek ſhelter under the arms of ſome potent friend, but if the tempeſt of my trouble be too potent for my friend, I will rather bear all my ſelf, than involve my friend in the danger. It would be bad enough for me to be drencht with or diſtreſt by the ſtorm of the laws anger only; It would be worſe to be drowned with the anger of my ſtorming friend alſo. My con-

conſcience of my ill deſerving toward the laws would inforce a patience: my remembrance of my well-deſerving to my friend would make the juſt addition of his anger intolerable.

CHAP. XXIII.

CONtent is the marke we all aym at, the *chief good* and top of felicity, to which all mens actions ſtrive to aſcend: But it is ſolely proper to Gods wiſdom to ingroſs all true content into his own hand, that he may ſell it to Saints by retail, and inforce all men to buy it of him or want it. Hence is it that a godly man in his mean eſtate, enjoyes more content in God, than a King or Emperour in his earthly glory and magnificence. I will then ſtrive to purchaſe me a *patent* of content from him that hath the *monopolie* thereof: and then, if I have little in eſtate, I ſhall have much in content. *Godlineſs ſhall be my great riches, whiles I am cotented with what I have.*

CHAP. XXIV.

AS in the greater world for man, ſo in the little world of man, as in the outward riches of the one, ſo in the inner treaſures of the other, many poſſeſs much and enjoy but litle, many have much, and uſe but little, others uſe much, and but little well. I ſhall not ſo much endeavour to have much wherewithall to do, as to do much, with that little I have. It ſhall not ſo much grieve me, that I am a poor *treaſurer*, as joy me, if I have been a good ſteward. I could wiſh I had more to uſe well, but more wiſh well to uſe that I have. If he were ſo blamed that imployed not one talent well, what would become of me, if I had ten, and abuſed them?

CHAP. XXV.

POpular applauſe, and vulgar opinion may blow up and mount upward the bubble of a vain-glorious mind, till it burſt in the aïr, and vaniſh: But a wiſe man builds his glory on the ſtrong foundation

dation of *virtue*, without expecting or reſpecting the ſlender props of vulgar opinion. I will not *neglect* what *every one thinks of me*; For that were *impudent diſſolueneſs*. I will not make it my common care, to hearken how I am cared for of the common ſort, and be over-ſollicitous *what every one ſpeakes of me*. For that were a toyleſome vanity. I may do well, and hear ill: And that's a *Kingly happineſs*. I may do ill, and hear well: and that's an hypocrites beſt felicity. My actions ſhall make me harmony in my hearts inner chamber: I will not borrow the *Voyces* of the vulgar to ſweeten my Muſick.

CHAP. XXVI.

THe rancor of malice is the true nature of the devill, and the ſoul poſſeſſed therewith is his deareſt darling. For where envy, hate, and revenge take up the whole heart, there God hath no room at all left to *be in all his thoughts*. I may meet a mad man, and avoid him, I may move a cholerick man, and pacifie him, I may croſs a furious drunkard,

and ſhun him, but a malicious man is more dangerous, implacable, and inevitable than they all. Malice omits no occaſion to do miſchief: and if it miſs thy body & ſubſtance, it proſecutes thy ſhadow, *Viſam fera ſævit in umbram. My ſoul come not thou into their ſecrets, unto their aſſemblie, mine honour be not thou united.* I muſt not turn anger out of my nature, I muſt not turn my nature into anger, I muſt *give place to Wrath*, but not a reſting place, but a place to let it paſs-by, that I may *let go diſpleaſure.* I may give entrance to anger on juſt cauſe, I may not give it entertainment on any cauſe, till it ſower with the leaven of malice. I muſt be angry with ſin, but I muſt be *angry and ſin not.*

CHAP. XXVII.

WHen I plant a choice flower in a fertil ſoyl, I ſee nature preſently to thruſt up with it, the ſtinging nettle, the ſtinking hemlocke, the drowzie poppie, and many ſuch noyſome weedes, which will either choak my plant with excluding the Sun, or divert its nouriſh-

nouriſhment to themſelves : But if I weed but there at firſt, my flower thrives to its goodneſs and glory. This is alſo my caſe when I endeavour to plant grace in the fertill ſoyl of a good wit. For luxurious nature thruſts up with it, either ſtinging wrath, or ſtinking wantonneſs, or drowzie ſloath or ſome other vices, which roobb my plant of its deſired flouriſhing. But theſe being firſt pluckt up, the good wit produceth in its time, the fair flower of vertue. I will not therefore think the beſt wits, as they are wits fitteſt to make the beſt men, but as they are the beſt purged, beſt wits. The ground of their goodneſs is not the goodneſs of their wits ground, but the good weeding and cleanſing it. I muſt firſt *eſchew the evill*, ere I can *do good*, ſupplant vices, ere I can implant virtue.

CHAP. XXVIII.

AS it is never too ſoon to be good: ſo is it never too late too amend. I will therefore neither neglect the time preſent, nor deſpair of the time paſt. If I had been ſooner good, I might perhaps have

have been better, If I am longer bad, I ſhall (I am ſure) be worſe. That I have ſtayed long time idle in the market-place deſerves reprehenſion, but if I am late ſent into the vineyard, I have encouragement to worke, *I will give unto this laſt as unto thee.*

CHAP. XXIX.

WHen I ſee the Husbandman well contented with the cold of froſt and ſnow in the Winter, becauſe, though it chilleth the ground, yet it killeth the charlock, though it check the wheat ſomewhat in growing, yet it choaketh the weeds from growing at all: Why ſhould I be moved at the winter of affliction? Why vexed at the quaking fit of a quartan ague? Why offended at the cold change of affection in my Summer-friends? If as they ſeem bitter to my mind or body, they prove healthfull to my bettered ſoul. If my wants kill my wantonneſs, my poverty check my pride, my diſreſpected ſlighting quell my ambition and vain glory, and every weed of vice being thus choaked by

by afflictions winter, my ſoul may grow fruitfull for heavens harveſt, let my winter be bitter, ſo that I be gathered with the good corn at reaping time into the Lords barn.

CHAP. xxx.

AS oft as I hear the Robin-red-breſt chaunt it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of Winter, as in March the approach of the Summer, why ſhould not we (think I) give as cheerfull entertainement to the hoary-froſty hayres of our ages winter, as to the Prim-roſes of our youth's ſpring? why not to the declining ſun in adverſity, as like *Perſians*) to the riſing ſun of proſperity? I am ſent to the Ant, to learn induſtry; to the Dove, to learn innocency; to the Serpent, to learn wiſdom; And why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience; and ſo keep the ſame tenour of my minds quietneſs, as well at the approach of calamities winter, as of the ſpring of happineſs? And, ſince the Romans conſtancy is ſo commended, who changed not his countenance with his

changed

changed fortunes. Why ſhould not I, with a Chriſtian reſolution, hold a ſteddy courſe in all weathers, and though I be forced with croſs-winds, to ſhift my ſails, and catch at ſide-winds, yet ſkillfully to ſteer, and keep on my courſe, by the *Cape of good hope*, till I arrive at the haven of eternall hapineſs?

CHAP. xxxi.

THe ſame water which being liquid is penetrated with an horſe-hair, will bear the horſe himſelf when it is hard frozen. I muſe not then that thoſe precepts and threats of God's judgements enter not into the hardned hearts of ſome old men, frozen by the practice of ſin, which pierce and penetrate deep into the tender hearts and melting conſciences of yonger folks thawed with the warmth of God's fear. Hence ſee I the cauſe why *the ſword of the Word* ſo ſharp that it *ſerveth* in ſome to *divide the joynts and marrow*, in others glaunceth or reboundeth without dint or wound, from their criſtall frozen and adamantin hearts. I cannot promiſe my ſelf to be free

free from ſin, I were then no man; but I will purpoſe in my ſelf to be free from hardneſs of heart, by cuſtom and continuance in ſin, I may err in my way, I will not perſiſt & go on in my errours, till I cannot return again into my way. I may ſtumble, I may fall, but I will not lye ſtill when I am fallen.

CHAP. XXXII.

WHen I ſee two game-cocks at firſt ſight, without premeditated malice fight deſperatly and furiouſly, the one to maintain the injury offered, the other to revenge the injury received by the firſt blow, and to maintain this quarrel, nor onely dye the pit with their blood, but die in the pit with their mutuall bloudy wounds, me thinks I ſee the ſucceſs of thoſe duellers of our time; which being ambitious of *Achilles* his praiſe, *Pelidis juvenes cedere neſcii*, deſperatly and furiouſlly adventure their lives here, and endanger their ſouls hereafter onely for the vain terms of falſe honour. I will not ſay but that being fleſh and blood I may be careleſs of my fleſh and blood to revenge

venge injurious indignities offered me: yet ſince as a tenant my ſoul muſt anſwer her Land-lord for reparations of the houſe ſhe dwells in, and I have no warrant of God or man ſuch revenge, I will not kill my own ſoul to kill an other mans body. I will not pull the houſe of my body on my ſouls head in a fury, that God may make them both full for the fury of hell-fire.

CHAP. XXXIII.

WHen I view *the heavens declaring the glory of God, and the firmament ſhewing his handy work*, and conſider that each little numbred ſtar even of the ſixth magnitude, containeth the earths dimenſion 18 times in bigneſs by Aſtronomers concluſions, I eaſily deſcend to conſider the great difference of earthly mens glory, and that weight of glory afforded the Saints in heaven. For what a poor ambition is it to be the beſt man in a City? What's a City to a Shire? What a Shire to the whole Iſland? What this Iſland to the Continent of Europe! What Europe to the whole Earth

Earth? What that Earth to a Star? What that Star to Heaven? and that to the Heaven of Heavens? And ſo by a retrogradation how little? How nothing is this poor glory? I find many which ſay *hoc nihil eſt aliquid*: I find in my ſelf cauſe to ſay, *hoc aliquid nihil eſt.* If I needs will be ſome body by my ambition, I will be ambitious to be ranged with the Saints in Heaven rather than ranked with the Kings on earth: ſince *the leaſt in the Kingdome of Heaven is greater than they.*

CHAP. XXXIV.

I Saw once a Jerfalcon let fly at an Heron, and obſerved with what clamour the Heron entertain'd the ſight and approach of the Hawk, and with what winding ſhifts he ſtrove to get above her, labouring even by bemuting his enemies feathers to make her ſlagg winged and ſo eſcape: but when at laſt they muſt needs come to a neceſſitated encounter, reſuming courage out of neceſſity, he turned face againſt her, and ſtriking the Hawk thorough the gorge

with

with his bill fell down dead together with his dead enemie. This fight ſeemed to me the event of a great ſute in Law, where one truſting to his cauſes potency more than his cauſes equity, endeavours to diſinherit his ſtubborn neighbour by colourable titles to his land. Here may you hear the clamorous obloquies of the wronged, and ſee the many turnings and winding *Meanders* in the Law ſought out to get above his adverſary. And laſtly when the iſſue muſt come to tryall, oftentimes in the grapple they both ſink to beggery by the Law, whileſt lawfully they ſeek to get above each other. Hence warned againſt potent enemies I will alway pray, Lord *make me not a prey unto their teeth*, and againſt an equal or inferiour I will not borrow the lawes extream right to do him extream wrong: nor fall to law with any body till I fall by law, to be no body. I will not do that to have my will, which will undo my ſelf of what I have, by my willfulneſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

THe Pſalmiſt doth not ſlander the ſlanderers, when in a good deſcription of their bad natures, he ſaith, *their throat is an open ſepulcher*, &c. *the poyſon of Aſps is under their lips.* For what more loathſome ſtench, and noiſom ſmells can a new opened ſepulcher belch out, than theſe venomous open throated ſlanderers? And well may their lips contain the poyſon of *Aſps*, of which *Lucan* ſaith, *in nulla plus eſt ſerpente veneni* when a few words of theirs ſhall (like a Witches ſpell) charm and ſtrike dead a mans deereſt reputation. I will therefore endeavour to make my actions of that vertue, that as an antidote of *Mithridates* his beſt confection, they may repell the worſt infection thoſe Serpents ſhall ſpit at me. And albeit I cannot be free from their aſſaults (from which none is freed) yet I will not with *Cleopatra* ſet thoſe *Aſps* ſo neer my heart that they may ſtop my vitall ſpirits with their poyſon. And ſince I muſt paſs thorough this *Africa* of monſters and harmefull beaſts, I will carefully fear

fear and ſhun the worſt of tame beaſts the *flatterer*, and of wild beaſts the *ſlanderer*.

CHAP. XXXVI.

MEditation is a buſie ſearch in the ſtore-houſe of fantaſie for ſome Ideas of matters, to be caſt in the moulds of reſolution into ſome forms of words or actions; In which ſearch when I have uſed my greateſt diligence, I find this in the concluſion, that to meditate on the Beſt is the beſt of Meditations: and a reſolution to make a good end is a good end of my reſolutions.

FINIS.